

LITTLE PIERRETTE.

HER COURAGE WON A HEARING FOR HER GIFTED FATHER.

By George Waldron.

Pierrette stood upon the threshold and gazed out into the world from her favorite point of vantage at the top of the three dirty broken steps that led to the shop door. It was not a very big world as she beheld it, only a glimpse of people hurrying by on the noisy, crowded boulevard, much as the figures did on the sheet of the old magic lantern which was such a delight to children long before the cinematograph was thought of.

The street itself was a very ordinary one in one of the poorest quarters of Paris. It was very narrow and paved with cobblestones, and the houses on either side were so high that when Pierrette came out on her doorstep in the evening there was only quite a narrow strip of sky for her to gaze at, and try to count the stars in.

But to-day Pierrette is looking neither at the boulevard nor the stars. She is thinking hard, and presently a look of determination comes into the little face as she murmurs: "I must do it, I will!"

Pierrette is a tall, slightly made child about nine years old; very thin, very pale, and looking as if she never had quite enough to eat. Her face has the grown-up, old-fashioned expression so often seen on the faces of the children of the poor who have to fend for themselves, but it is lighted by a pair of magnificent eyes, so soft and wistful—eyes that will make her friends weep when she goes. Her hair is all brushed up into a tight knot on the top of her head, but little curls show here and there, kept in order by a picturesque-looking cloth and sash.

The shop is tiny and very dark. "Comestibles" is written up over the door and they take the form of strings of onions, rows of sausages, cheeses in every stage of ripeness, a pile of loaves on a counter, and all sorts of odd-looking things in tubs. Altogether a most unattractive place, but Pierrette had known no other home, and was very well contented with this one—till yesterday.

Yesterday it seems so long ago. She was standing in this very place when she heard Grandfather Jourdain say to a customer inside the shop, "Yes, it's a long time for one lodger, ten years; but I don't think we shall have him much longer. He is simply eating his heart out, poor man!"

Pierrette had suddenly realized that they were talking of her own dear father, whom she loved with the passionate adoration of a little creature that has all its affections centered on one object. She had torn up the steep staircase, burst open the door into the attic room, and thrown herself into the arms of the man sitting there.

The man smiled at her and caressed her soft hair. "What is it, little one? How thou art pining!"

"Oh, daddy, dear daddy!" was all Pierrette could utter, and she hugged him. He is quite a young man, not much over thirty, with the same brown eyes as Pierrette. But beside the half-starved look there is something hopeful and despairing about the man. He has the face of one that has utterly failed in his life's race, a terrible look to see in one so young.

Ten years before, Pietro Vivaldi, a handsome Italian youth of about twenty, had come to Paris to try his fortune, with his fiddle and 1,000 francs for all worldly possessions. He had entered the Conservatoire and studied successfully, having obtained a professorship and recognized the genius of his pupil and his brilliant future for him. And then Pietro met his Marie, a singing student, young, orphaned like himself, and beautiful. And they were married and lived for a little while in a heaven of their own, still studying hard, and giving lessons or doing anything else to earn money. And then Pierre arrived, to complicate matters, and it was very hard to find enough for three. But Pietro was soon to perform in public, and then the good time would come. So they moved to a still smaller room this very one, in the attic over Veuve Jourdain's shop, while they waited.

But one day poor Pietro came home with a racking headache, and next day he was delirious; they took him away to the hospital, where he lay two weary months. Then when he was able to crawl home again, Mother Jourdain met him, carrying the baby, and, bursting into tears, told him that Marie was dead.

She was very weak, and the shock of Pietro's illness was too much for her. She died less than a week after he was taken away. No wonder that Pietro had to be carried back to the hospital, and it was many a day before he saw his little home again. Widow Jourdain had cared for the baby as if it were her own. She could not bear the idea of parting with her now, and implored Pietro to stay in her house and to pay her when he could.

Then he went to see his professor, and was met by another blow. He, too, was dead, of the same typhoid that had nearly killed Pietro.

And from this moment it was all a struggle. Pietro had not finished his training, and, therefore, no one knew him or cared about him. At last he obtained a post in the orchestra of a minor theater with small pay, which he eked out by giving lessons in a few third-rate schools, not daring to refuse anything that offered, for Pierrette's sake. And she had grown to be nine years old and the delight of his eyes.

"Oh, if I could but get hearing!" he would sometimes groan; "I know I could make them listen."

But ten years is a long time to wait. Pietro had entirely given up hope, his sunny Italian nature was quite broken, and he only wondered how much longer he could hold out for his child's sake.

Only yesterday! Pierre could not sleep for thinking of Veuve Jourdain's terrible words. In the morning she had crept out across the busy boulevard and had wandered along for hours in a dream. At last she came to the little garden near the Tour Saint

Jacques and here she sank down on a bench. Presently two ladies met opposite her and began to laugh and talk. Pierrette could hear all they said.

"By the bye," observed one, "is Alvarez singing at the opera to night?" "Oh, no," said the other. "Don't you know? There is a very large reception at the Duchess De D—s and Alvarez never misses going to her house. You know it was through her influence that he made his name. He was quite poor and friendless when she met him. Any one taken up by the Duchess is sure to succeed. She has such a good heart and so much influence."

"Of course," laughed the other. "I ought not to have forgotten that Avenue du Bois de Boulogne she lives. Doesn't she?"

"Yes, No. 18, it is quite a palace, and her musical evenings are renowned."

Pierrette sprang up, her eyes sparkling, her chest heaving with a sudden inspiration. She must see the Duchess; she must beg her to have her father.

There was a brilliant assembly that evening in the Duchess's salons. The Duchess stood in the first salon, hand some, unusually tall and of a commanding presence. She wore a velvet gown, and diamonds sparkled in her hair.

Suddenly there was an unusual stir, the sound of angry voices rose, above the hum of conversation, and then the extraordinary sight was seen of a little bareheaded, badly-dressed girl running into the room, hotly pursued by a powerful lackey.

Pierrette—for she it was—only glanced around the room. Then her quick perception understood at once which was the Duchess. With a bound she was at her feet. "Oh, madam, hear me! Do not let them take me away! Only you can save my father!"

"Jean what does this mean?" interrupted the Duchess, sternly turning to the man reddened and looked thoroughly confused.

"Madame la Duchess, this child slipped behind the concierge," he stammered, "and ran up the great staircase before she could be stopped. Every door was open and she ran so fast, that she had reached the ante-room before we saw her."

"It was unpardonably careless," said the Duchess. "I am exceedingly displeased. No, wait a moment," as the man advanced toward Pierrette.

"What have you to say for yourself?" she added, turning to the child.

Then Pierrette forgot the crowd, and the dazzling lights, and all her fear, and lifting her eager eyes to the Duchess's face, she told her simple story, thinking of nothing now but her desire to save her father.

"The ladies say you can do everything," she finished. "Oh, do, please let my poor daddy play and get well." "What do you think?" said the Duchess, turning smilingly to her friends; "shall we see the end of the little drama, and hear this genius play at once? I like courage in any form, and it is flattering, to say the least, to be credited with the role of fairy god-mother."

Some of the ladies looked disdainful, but no one cared to contradict a whim of the Duchess. "Oh, I am quite prepared to find his music not worth hearing," she said. "Then, turning to Jean, who stood waiting, she continued: 'Take this child to her home in a cab and bring back her father as quickly as possible.'"

An hour later, when everything was in full swing and Alvarez had sung his best for his patroness there was a second stir in the salons, for Jean had returned, followed by a man who would have been strikingly handsome had he not looked so worn and haggard. But Pietro walked with a firmer step than usual, his head was thrown back, his eyes were bright. He carried his beloved fiddle under his arm without a difficulty in recognizing the Duchess. He went straight to her and bowed low. "I have sent for you to hear you play," she said kindly.

"Thank you," replied Pietro, simply. Then he added vigorously: "It is my chance come at last!"

Then he screwed up his bow, ran his fingers across the strings and began to play.

None of those who were present that evening will ever forget the wonderful performance which held them spell-bound for nearly half an hour. Pietro played with his whole soul, for he was playing for his very life. First he moved his audience to tears by the pathos of the music, then he carried them from grave to gay, and at last ended with a real song of triumph.

The Duchess was radiant. Famous musicians came and took the hand of their poor fellow artist, now trembling with exhaustion and emotion, and from the guests came a chorus of "Bravo!" and clapping of hands.

And the Duchess said: "You are a true genius, and the world will be richer since we have found you to-night. Will you come and see me to-morrow? But now go and tell your brave little daughter what I say, for she will be longing to see you, and you owe your chance, as you called it, all to her."

Ten years have passed. Pietro Vivaldi, one of the greatest violinists of his day, has been heard in nearly all the courts of Europe. He is rich and famous, but his greatest treasure and inseparable companion is his beautiful daughter Pierrette.

As I watch the earth clothe herself in a freshness of the new beauty—I often think what a blessed dispensation it would be if the soul could only put on a freshness of beauty once a year, clearing away the errors of the mind, the useless passions from the heart, how fine we should all look if every Spring the old wintry bleak places would be clothed afresh! The Boston Republic, "Woman's Point of View."

Man regards poverty as one of the greatest misfortunes that can come into his life. Yes Jesus Christ, God become man, was born in a stable and His life was a life of privations.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

After charging that the Vulgate was "interpolated and notably changed to meet ecclesiastical requirements," you say:

Mr. Jones—"Copulative and disjunctive conjunctions had to be changed to fit new doctrines established by Church authority. When the Church began to refuse the cup to the laity at communion the command to 'eat the bread and drink the cup' sounded with more euphony to the ears of the promulgators of the new doctrines and the new modes of worship, to change the 'and' into 'or'." It was of no importance to the authorities whether an 'and' was in the original or not."

There are two points here. The first referring to the refusal of the cup to the laity; the second referring to a change of an "and" to an "or." As regards the first, the Vulgate translation of the first has no concern with the subject under discussion, namely the superiority of the Vulgate translation of the subject, which will be discussed by stating that the Church established no new doctrine on the subject, and that in the early Church communion was administered under the form of bread or of wine, or under the form of both bread and wine.

We will therefore confine ourselves to the second point, namely, the charged change of a word, of "and" to "or," to conform to ecclesiastical requirements, as you tell us.

It is surprising with what facility you get yourself into difficulties, while imagining you are raising difficulties for us. Let us show you how you have involved yourself.

The passage you refer to in charging Catholics with changing the text, changing an "and" to an "or," is in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians Chapter XI, verse 27. This verse is found in the Douay Bible as follows, and it is a correct translation from the Latin Vulgate:

"Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and of the Blood of the Lord."

In all the early English Bibles, including the authorized version of King James, the above verse appears thus: "Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and of the Blood of the Lord."

The Catholic version has "or drink," the early and the authorized Protestant versions have "and drink;" and you charge that the Catholic authorities substituted "or" for "and" in disregard of the original Greek.

Now which is the correct translation of the original Greek, "and" or "or?" If the former is correct the latter is an error and you can charge Catholic translators with corrupting the text. If the latter is correct the former is an error and the Protestant translators must be charged with corrupting the text.

Now you know that the Greek long "e" means "or" and "and" means "and." That being understood we will produce a witness whom you ought to respect. Dean Alford was a biblical critic of the highest reputation among Protestants. His Greek Testament, completed in 1861, occupies first rank among English editions. Dean Alford says: "The meaning of this e (or) is not to be changed to kai (and) as is most unfairly done in our English version, and the completeness of the argument thereby destroyed."

Dean Stanley, another distinguished Protestant scholar, dean of Westminster, and lord rector of St. Andrew's University, in a note on the verse above quoted—1 Cor. xi, 27—says: "Presumably from a wish to accommodate the text to the change of custom, or from hostility to the Roman Catholic practice of administering the bread without the cup, the English translators have unwarrantably rendered 'e' and."

[[As these high Protestant authorities do not agree with you, you may reject them as incompetent. Well, we will quote an authority which you deem perfect, namely, the American Revised Version which you have recognized as the latest and best translation from the Greek. This version gives 1 Cor. xi, 27, as follows: "Wherefore, whoever shall eat the Bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord."

Thus you see that the learned authors of your favorite version have rejected the "and" of the Authorized King James version and all former Protestant versions, and have adopted the "or" of the Vulgate and the Douay Catholic Bible. This ought to close the case, so far as you are concerned; unless you now reject your favorite version as corrupt.

You will now understand what we meant when we spoke of the facility with which you get yourself into difficulties while you think you are raising difficulties for us. You have reduced yourself to the alternative of admitting the purity of the Catholic translation, of its fidelity to the original Greek, or rejecting your American Revised Version. This correction in the American Revised is another beautiful illustration of the fact that every new and improved version brought out by Protestant scholars comes nearer to the Vulgate and its English version the Douay Catholic Bible.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPE'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

So you thought, as you have said, that the Catholic authorities changed an "and" into an "or," to conform to ecclesiastical requirements? You will now see that it is just the other way, and that Protestant translators changed an "or" into an "and." It is a good sign to see your latest translators acknowledging the persistent mistranslation of the Greek by their predecessors, and giving a correct translation, even though in doing so they had to recognize the fidelity of the Catholic text to the original Greek.

Mr. Jones—"St. Jerome's version was a translation from the old Latin." Why would St. Jerome translate into Latin a book that was already in Latin? We cannot explain it except on the hypothesis that the old Saint was a lunatic. But as we reject that hypothesis we cannot explain it at all. Being a very sane old Saint, he never attempted to translate a Latin book into Latin, no more than he attempted to translate an English book into English.

Mr. Jones—"The Itala was a translation from another translation, the Septuagint, also very defective." Do you really think the Septuagint contained the New Testament? If you know it did not, as you should know, why do you say the Itala, which contained the New Testament, was a translation from the Septuagint? You should have said the Old Testament of the Itala was translated from the Septuagint, and the New Testament from the original Greek. But you say the Septuagint was "very defective."

Are you aware that our Lord and His apostles in referring to texts in the Old Testament quoted from the Septuagint? That out of the 350 such references 300 were quoted from the Septuagint? Would our Lord and His apostles have thus authorized a version that was "very imperfect" and led their followers to believe it was good authority?

Mr. Jones—"If the Septuagint was the second translation in point of time made from the original Hebrew, we are surprised at you. You make us doubt whether our business is to discuss or instruct. The Septuagint was completed about the year 130 before the Christian era. The next translation in point of time was that of Aquila in the second century after Christ—a difference in point of time of nearly 300 years. Even the Chaldee Targums are long subsequent to the Septuagint."

Mr. Jones—"St. Jerome followed the Septuagint when he consistently could in his revision of the Itala." St. Jerome himself tells us that his Old Testament was made from the Hebrew, and consequently not from the Septuagint, which was in Greek. In his New Testament he did not follow the Septuagint, for it is not in the Septuagint. What induces you to talk so wildly?

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to surmount the obstacles which come in its path as well as the youth who has fought and won.—Kremer J. Hoke.

Trust Your Appetite

It Knows What is Best for Your Health.

Your appetite knows what is best for your health.

That is the theory of modern medicine—the doctrine of common sense.

Bread your appetite does not like is bread that is bad for your health.

How easily the human system assimilates good bread?

How hard bad bread is on health.

First, it's hard to eat the soggy, tasteless stuff, so many families call bread.

Your appetite rebels against it. The appetite is wise.

It knows what's best. You can trust it.

If it doesn't want a certain bread, make up your mind the bread is wrong. The appetite is never wrong.

We can safely leave our bread to the judgment of the appetite.

Once one has tasted Royal Household bread, made just right by following the recipes, that person will accept no other.

Other bread is flat and tasteless compared to it.

Eating Bad Bread

Sours the Stomach.

Bad bread sours the stomach—lies undigested—creates dyspepsia.

No dyspeptic can work well. No dyspeptic can be happy.

Those with weak stomachs, the sick—invalids—convalescents, need and crave, most of all, thin slices of light, white well baked bread.

In the sick room Royal Household is indispensable.

What the Invalid Should Eat

Give the invalid the best bread you can secure—give it to all your family and keep them well.

Keeping well—health by good living—is the modern way.

Royal Household is the modern flour. Send for the recipes.

Send now. Don't wait till to-morrow. We send them free.

OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD. MONTREAL.

THE BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

We teach full commercial course. As well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course. Full telegraphy course.

Our graduates in every department are today filling the best positions. Write for catalogue. Address: J. FRITH JEFFERS, B. A. Address: Belleville, Ont. Phone 32.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMPHATICALLY ENLIGHTENED. Full and Commercial Courses. Terms including all ordinary expenses, \$10 per year. For full particulars apply to Rev. J. J. O'Connell, C. S. C.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT. CANADA (G.T.E.)

Commercial Course with Business College features. High School or Academic Course—Preparation for Professional Studies. College or Arts Course—Preparation for Degree and Honours.

Board and Tuition per Annum, \$10.00. For Catalogue Address: REV. JOHN FERRERACH, C. S. C.

CENTRAL Business College, STRATFORD, ONT.

This small advertisement represents the largest business college in Western Ontario. Get our catalogue. Winter term opens January 3rd.

ELLIOTT & McLAUGHLIN, Principals.

THE WINTER TERM AT THE NORTHERN Business College

Owen Sound, Ont., begins on MONDAY, January 2nd, 1905. Every young man and woman should take a course at this institution this winter. It is a most substantial foundation for a successful life.

Four fully equipped departments: Business Department for general business work. SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING for the training of shorthand writers. TELEGRAPHY DEPARTMENT for those who are to become telegraph operators. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT for those who are far back and who wish to improve their education.

Full particulars will be sent to any address free. C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound.

THE DOMINION Business College LIMITED

4 Richmond St. E. TORONTO

Canada's highest grade Business, Shorthand and Telegraphy College.

Don't delay getting FREE BOOKLET

LEARN

Telegraphy

AT NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Owen Sound, Ontario.

The Telegraphic Department is in charge of an operator of years of experience on the regular telegraphic lines. The equipment is the best that can be purchased, just the same instruments as are used on the regular lines by the large companies in United States and Canada. The course includes Telegraphy, Penmanship, Letter Writing and Spelling. For full particulars regarding any of our courses address: C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

ASH SIFTERS "The Ideal"

Is the only sifter that requires no shaking or turning. Simply put the ashes in and sifter separates the coal from the ashes. No dust, no labor. See it at

The Purdon Gillespie HARDWARE COMPANY,

118 Dundas St., London, Ont.

Your appetite knows what is best for your health.

That is the theory of modern medicine—the doctrine of common sense.

Bread your appetite does not like is bread that is bad for your health.

How easily the human system assimilates good bread?

How hard bad bread is on health.

First, it's hard to eat the soggy, tasteless stuff, so many families call bread.

Your appetite rebels against it. The appetite is wise.

It knows what's best. You can trust it.

If it doesn't want a certain bread, make up your mind the bread is wrong. The appetite is never wrong.

We can safely leave our bread to the judgment of the appetite.

Once one has tasted Royal Household bread, made just right by following the recipes, that person will accept no other.

Other bread is flat and tasteless compared to it.

THE PETTED CHILD WHO IS ASSISTED OVER the stony ways and supported by a helping hand when there is a difficult task before it, will never be able to sur